



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
 " We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. VI. [II. NEW SERIES.]

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POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
 " Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR FOR 1830.

RECONCILIATION.

" Faster, faster! your horses creep like snails! drive for your life!" cried the impatient Morley, as the noble animals he so slandered dashed along the pebbly turnpike road, while the sparkles flew from their iron-shod hoofs like a flight of fire flies.

The postilion, with voice and whip, put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light, as though its wheels had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length, enforced a more moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head anxiously towards his companion, a lovely young woman, who, pale, silent and motionless, reclined on his shoulder.

" Ellen, my love," said Morley, tenderly, " I fear this will prove too much for your delicate frame."

There was no reply.

Morley leaned his face nearer to hers, and, by the moon-beams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streamed from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.

" God of Heaven!" exclaimed Morley, " what means this? Ellen, beloved, adored! do you not hear me? will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley?" and he gently pressed her in his arms.

The name he uttered, like a charm, dissolved the spell that bound her. A long drawn sigh, as if struggling from a breaking heart, escaped her cold, quivering lips; a fresh fountain of tears burst forth; and with an hysterical sob she fell upon the bosom of her lover.

The alarmed, but enraptured Morley, folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears—when, with a sudden start, she disen-

gaged herself from his embrace, and drawing back, looked wildly and earnestly in his face.

" Morley," she said, in a voice of thrilling tone, " do you love me?"

" Dearest, best Ellen," he replied, " do you, can you doubt it?"

" Do you love me, Morley?" she repeated with increased earnestness.

" Truly—devotedly—madly," cried Morley, on his knees. " By the heaven that is shining over us —"

" No more oaths—enough of protestations. Are you willing, by one action—at this moment, to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?"

" I am, though it carry with it my destruction!"

" I ask not your destruction—I implore you to prevent mine. Return!"

Morley gazed at her, as if doubting his sense of hearing.

" Return!"

" Return, instantly!"

" Ellen, are you serious—are you," he might have added, " in your senses?" but she interrupted him.

" I am serious—I am not mad, Morley; no, nor inconstant, nor fickle," she added, reading the expression that was arising on Morley's countenance. " That I love, and in that love am incapable of change, do not, Morley, insult me by doubting, even by a look. But O, if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honour, I implore you to take me back to my father—"

" To your father!" exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he said.

" Ay, to my father, my gray headed, my dotting, my confiding father: take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves. I have been with him," she cried in wild agony, " even now, as I lay in your arms, spell bound in my trance, while the carriage rolled on to my perdition. I could not move—I could not speak; but I knew where I was, and whither I was hurrying: yet even then was I with my father," she said, with a voice and look of su-

pernatural solemnity: 'he lay on his death-bed; his eye turned upon me—his fixed and glaring eye, it rested on me as I lay in your arms; he cursed me, and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears—his eye is now upon me. Morley, for the love of heaven, ere it is too late —'

'Compose yourself, my beloved—my own Ellen.'

'Do you still hesitate,' she cried; 'would you still soothe my frantic soul with words? Your Ellen! short sighted man, your Ellen! What shall bind her to a husband who could abandon a father—what power may transform the renegade daughter into the faithful wife! Morley, listen to me: as you hope for mercy, do not, do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her soul!'

Morley caught her as she sank at his feet; and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility.

He was confounded—subdued.

The fatigued horses had laboured about mid-way up the acclivity, when Morley called to the postilion.

'Turn your horses' heads,' he said; 'we shall return.'

The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigour from the alteration in their course, and were proceeding at a brisk pace on their return, when Ellen again revived.

'Where am I,—whither am I carried?' she wildly exclaimed.

'To your father, my beloved,' whispered Morley.

'To my father, Morley, to my father!—can it be?—but no, I will not doubt; you never deceived me—you cannot. God bless you, Morley, God bless you, my brother, my dear brother,' and with her pure arms around his neck she imprinted a sister's holy kiss upon his lips, and, dissolved in delicious tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence upon his bosom. The ethereal influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers; and never in the wildest moment of passion, not even when he first heard the avowal of love from his heart's selected, had Morley felt so triumphantly happy.

'Where is he—let me see him—is he alive—is he well?' shrieked Ellen, as she rushed into the house of her father.

'For whom do you inquire,' madam, coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Ellen's father.

'Aunt, dear aunt, do not speak to me thus. I am not what you think me. But my father—my father, is he—is he alive, is he well? O beloved aunt, have pity on me, I am repentant, I am innocent —'

'In one word, Ellen, are you not married?'

'I am not.'

'Heaven be praised! follow me—your father is not well —'

'For the love of heaven—before it is too

late;' and the distracted girl rushed into the room and knelt at her father's side.

'Father! do not avert your face—father, I am your own Ellen. I am restored to you as I left you. By the years of love that have passed between us, forgive the folly—the offence—the crime of a moment. By the memory of my mother —'

'Cease'—said the old man, endeavouring, through the weakness of age and infirmity, and the workings of agonized feelings, to be firm; 'forbear, and answer me—is this gentleman your husband?'

Ellen was about to reply, but Morley stepped forward. 'I am not,' said Morley, 'blessed with that lady's hand; she has refused it, unless it is given with your sanction; and without that sanction, dearly as I love her, and hopeless as I may be of your consent, I will never hereafter ask it.'

'Do you pledge your word to this, young man?'

'My sacred word, as a man of honour:—I may have inherited your hate, but I will never deserve it.'

'Children, you have subdued me!' exclaimed the father. 'Morley, my daughter is yours!'

Morley seized the old man's hand, scarcely believing the scene before him to be real.

'My father!' said the weeping Ellen on her knees, her arm around his neck, her innocent cheek pressed to his.

The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Ellen's favourite dog seemed to thank her father for his kindness to his dear mistress.

The happy father sat with an arm around his daughter's waist, and, as he pressed her lover's hand, he said,

'Behold, in all this, the goodness of God: behold the blessings that follow the performance of our duties. Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light, had entailed my hate on his offspring. I had nourished this bitter feeling even against you, who had never offended me, and whom every one else loved. This very day the cherished hostility of years had given way before my desire to secure my daughter's happiness. I felt that age was creeping on me—and but the morning of this blessed day I had resolved, over this holy book, to prove my contrition for my sinful harbouring of hatred towards my fellow creatures, by uniting you, my children, in marriage. The tidings of my daughter's elopement scattered to the winds all my better thoughts, and revived my worst in ten-fold strength. I did not order a pursuit: I did more. I felt, at least I thought so, the approach of my malady to a region where it would soon prove fatal. No time was to be lost: my will was hastily drawn out, bequeathing my beggared daughter but her father's curse; it would have been signed this night; for over this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her father.'

'O my father!' interrupted Ellen, to whom the horrible images of her trance returned; 'in pity, my dear father——'

'Bless you, for ever bless you, my ever excellent Ellen. Your filial obedience has prolonged your father's life.'

FROM THE TOKEN FOR 1830.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HOPE LESLIE.'

He is a man, and men
Have imperfections; it behooves
Me pardon nature then.

The Patient Countess.

L'homme honore la vertu,
Dieu la recompense.

The dark empire of superstition had passed away. This is the age of facts and evidence, experience and demonstration, the enlightened age, *par excellence*. Ghosts, apparitions, banshees, phocas, cluricaunes, fairies, 'good people all,' are now departed spirits. The fairies, the friends of poets and story-tellers, the patrons, champions, and good geniuses of children, no longer keep their merry revels on the green-sward by the glow-worm's lamp; they are gone, exhaled like the dews that glittered on last summer's leaves. The 'dainty spirits' that knew 'to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds, to put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,' have no longer a being save in poetry. Like the Peri of the Persian mythology, they forfeit their immortality when they pass the bounds of their paradise—that paradise the poet's imagination.

Though in the full meridian of our 'enlightened day,' we look back with something like regret to the imaginative era of darkness, when spirits, embodied in every form that fear or fancy could invent, thronged the paths of human life, broke its monotony, and coloured its dull surface with the bright hues and deep shadows of magic light. We almost envy the twilight of our Indian predecessors, whose quickening faith, like the ancient philosophy, infused vitality into external nature, imparting a portion of the Infinite Spirit to mountain, valley, stream, and flower, that faith that gave discourse and reason to trees, and stones, and running brooks. Strange that in the progress of light, mind should surrender its dominion to matter! that the metaphysics of nature should yield to the physical sciences! that the materialism of the mineralogist, the botanist, the geologist, should prevail over the spirituality of the savage! But so it is. The suggestions of superstition, so universal in man's natural state of ignorance, are silenced by the clear, cold demonstrations of knowledge. Who now ventures to tell a fairy tale beyond the purlieu of the nursery? Who would hope to raise a ghost above the subterranean region of the kitchen? The murdered lie as quietly in their graves as if they had been dismissed to their rest anointed and annealed; and even Love's martyr's, the most persevering of all

night-walkers, no more revisit the glimpses of the moon. And yet there seems to be a deep foundation in nature for a belief in mysterious visitations, in our unknown and incomprehensible connexion with spiritual beings. The mighty mind of Johnson was duped by the ghost of Cocklane, and seized, as he himself confesses, on every tale of the reappearance of the dead to support his religious faith! What are we to infer from the horoscope of the hero of 'Guy Mannering,' what from the 'Lady of Avenel,' and all the strange prophecies fulfilled of Sir Walter Scott, but that the wild and fantastic superstitions of his native land, that 'meet nurse of a poetic child,' still control his imagination. Even Napoleon, who feared no power embodied in flesh and blood, bowed like an Oriental slave before the dark, mysterious despot Destiny.

We have made this long introduction to a ghost story it was once our good fortune to hear well told, to persuade our readers that we have drunk deep enough of the spirit of the age to laugh, when we are in the presence of the honoured public, at the superstition and credulity of others, though we may still cherish some relic of it in our secret soul.

Somewhere between twenty and thirty years ago—there is, alas! a period when accurate dates become a sort of *memento mori*—we, or rather I—for, like a late popular writer we detest that reviewer in the abstract the 'cold and critical,' and pompous *we*—I was on a visit to a friend of my parents who resided in New-York, Mrs. Reginald Tudor. She was an Englishwoman by birth, but had long been a resident in this country, and, though of a noble family, and educated with aristocratic prejudices, she was, in all acts of kindness, condescension, and humanity, a Christian; and is not Christianity the foundation, the essence of republicanism? Her instincts were aristocratic, or those principles of conduct that are so early inculcated and acted on that they become as impulsive and powerful as instincts; but when a deed of kindness was to be done, she obeyed the levelling law of the religion of universal equality. As Mrs. Reginald Tudor, the lady of polite society, she was versed and strict in all artificial distinctions and nice observances; but as a Christian, friend, and benefactress, no fiery revolutionist ever so well illustrated the generous doctrine of equality; for hers was the perfect standard of rectitude, and every one who needed the tender charities of life from her, was her 'brother and her sister.' Forgive her then, gentle reader, a slight contempt of republican manners, and a little pride in her titled ancestry and noble English relatives.

Like most old people, Mrs. Tudor, talked always of the past, and the friends of her youth. Her grandfather, whose pet she had been sixty years since, was her favourite topic. Her stories began with 'My dear grandfather, Lord Moreland'—'Lord Moreland' was the

invariable sequence. But this was an innocent vanity, and should not cast a shade over my honoured friend's memory. The only evil attending this foible, so ill-adapted to our country, was, that it had infected her granddaughter, my friend Isabel Williamson.

Isabel, at the period of which I write, was a beautiful girl of eighteen, an only child, and as such cherished and caressed, but not spoiled by her parents and grandmother. Nothing could spoil so frank and generous a disposition, so noble-minded a creature. But Isabel was touched with the family taint of pride. She had a feeling very closely bordering on contempt for everything American; and, though born in the city of New-York, though her mother and her maternal ancestors were American, she always called herself English, preferred all English usages, however ill suited to our state of society, had some pretty affectations of Anglican phraseology, imported her dresses, hats, shoes, from England, employed English teachers, and preferred English beaux.

At the time I was with her, her parents were away from home on a long absence, and during my visit her cousin Lucy Atwell arrived in town from 'the West.' 'The West,' a designation that has removed with our emigrants to Missouri, then meant one of the middle district counties of the State of New-York. Lucy came, consigned for life, to Isabel's parents. She was a meek, timid, country girl, of about seventeen, made an orphan by sudden bereavement, and by an accumulation of misfortunes left penniless. This was an irresistible appeal to Isabel's heart. 'Grandmamma,' she said to Mrs. Tudor, 'we must provide for poor Lucy.'

'Certainly, Isabel, I was sure you would say so.'

'I have been thinking,' resumed Isabel, 'that Mrs. Arnott's would be such a good place for Lucy to board.'

'My dear Isabel, we must keep her with us.'

'Grandmamma.'

'Why not, my child?'

Isabel well knew the 'why not,' operative on her mind, but she did not care to tell it, and she offered the most plausible reason that occurred to her. 'You know, Ma'am, it must be so unpleasant for a person to live as a dependant in the family of relatives.'

'That depends, Isabel on the tempers of the parties. If you are not wanting in kindness and consideration, I am sure, from little Lucy's sweet face, she will not fail in gratitude and contentment; at any rate she must stay with us.'

'Do you not think,' said Isabel to me, when we were alone together, 'that grandmamma is getting childish? She was so decided, obstinate to-day, about Lucy.'

The following day I perceived that Isabel suffered a series of mortifications on her cousin's account. In the first place nothing could be more decidedly *countryfied*, not to say vul-

gar, for I cannot bear to apply that word even for once to one so pretty, gentle, and essentially refined as Lucy—nothing could be more *countryfied*, more ill made, and unbecoming than our little rustic's dress. The date of our story was long before the artful looms of Europe had prepared every variety of texture, and brought the light silk and delicate *barege* level to the means of the most humble purchaser. It was the age of cotton cambrics and bombazettes, and our country cousin was dressed in a stiff, glazed, black cotton cambric, with a vandyke of the same, a crimped *leno* frill, and white knit yarn stockings. It was then the fashion to dress the hair low, with braids and bands after the classic models; Lucy's was drawn up like a tower on the top of her head, and walled in by a horn comb. Isabel spent too much money, time, and thought on her dress not to pride herself on its style, and never was there a more striking contrast than the two cousins presented, when they were both seated together in the parlour. Isabel, arrayed in high fashion and taste, with her toy work-basket filled with the elegant implements of 'idlesse' work, and Lucy, in the costume we have described, dilligently knitting a full sized, substantial cotton stocking. But in spite of this homely vulgarity, there was something of nature's aristocracy in her graceful and delicate outline, in her 'serious eye,' and thoughtful, fair young brow, and I felt hurt and mortified for my dear friend Isabel, when I perceived a little flutter and fidgetiness about her at every rap at the street door, indicating too plainly her dread of having her cousin seen by her fashionable acquaintance. Isabel was not sufficiently a woman of the world, and she had too much good feeling to disembarass herself of this concern, as a true woman of *ton* does, by the current jokes on country cousins.

It was a day of trial to Isabel. The heavens were serene, the air balmy, and the walking fine; and it seemed as if all our acquaintances, and especially those who for very delicateness were afraid of the rough visitation of the winds, had selected this day to pour in upon us. Mrs. Tudor was at her usual station on a corner of the sofa, and, punctillious in the formal politeness of the day, she most precisely introduced every visitor to 'Miss Lucy Atwell—Mrs. Williamson's niece;' and each time, Lucy, according to her notion of good manners, laid aside her knitting-work, rose and dropped her little dot of a courtesy; and, though Isabel affected to laugh and talk in her usual careless style, I could perceive in her face, as in a mirror, her consciousness of poor Lucy's every word and motion.

Isabel's Anglo-tastes had led her to avoid every Americanism, word or phrase; and the 'concludes,' 'calculates,' and 'guesses,' which were in all poor Lucy's replies to the few questions addressed to her, grated harsh discord on her cousin's ear. It is difficult to re-

call, after time and matured sense have released us from the galling fetters that are imposed by the false notions and artificial distinctions of fashionable society, it is difficult to recall the feelings that, like the emotions of a troubled dream, were then as real to us, as they now are illusory and ridiculous. It now seems to me incredible that my friend Isabel, the noble woman whom I have since seen wrestling with fearful calamities, and enduring calmly and sweetly the darkest night of adversity, should at eighteen have wasted tears, and a flood of them, on the mortifications I have recorded. But so it was. They were, however, shed in private, and known only to myself and to her grandmother, with whom she again expostulated on the subject of Lucy's removal to some other home. Mrs. Tudor was mild, but firm in her first decision. In the evening, at the usual hour for retiring, the good old lady invited us to her apartment. This was her frequent custom, and a great pleasure to us, for there is always something in the sociality of one's own room, far more unbending, intimate, and endearing, than in the parlour intercourse. Mrs. Tudor left her stateliness, her only infirmity, below stairs, and in her own apartment was the true grandmother, easy, communicative, and loving.

It was late, I believe near the witching time of night, when we, Isabel, Lucy, and myself, drew our low chairs, around Mrs. Tudor's matronly rocking-chair. The oil in the lamp was expended, a stick of wood was burning, as all wood burns after twelve o'clock, fitfully, and the bright, changeful flame threw such strange distorted figures on the wall, that braver spirits than ours might have been frightened at a shadow. Our conversation turned, I don't know how, but it then seemed naturally enough, on ghost stories. Mrs. Tudor was the benefactress of the rising generation; her mind was stored with strange and forgotten events; she had treasures of marvellous appearances, which had no record but in her memory. After relating various anecdotes till we were all in a state of considerable excitement, till Isabel had forgotten her coldness, and Lucy her timidity, Mrs. Tudor said; 'There is one ghost story that I have never told, not even to you, Isabel, for whose insatiable curiosity I have produced every other treasure from my storehouse. This is connected with many sacred recollections, it deeply affected my imagination at the time, and related to persons in whom I had some interest. There are many preliminary circumstances before I can come at the supernatural incident, it is late—shall I tell it to-night?'

'Oh yes!' was the unanimous voice, and Mrs. Tudor proceeded.

'When I lived in London, I had an intimate friend who was, like myself, a widow, with an only son. Mrs. M'Arthur—that was her name—had set her heart on having her son fix himself in the calm quiet of home and

domestic life, such as suited her matured and feminine tastes, but was not at all adapted to a young man of unchecked ambition and ardent passions. M'Arthur's mind was early steeped in the military spirit of tales and songs of chivalry, and as soon as he was old enough to think of a profession, he avowed his will—the will, and the wish of a widow's only son is fate—to be a soldier. My friend opposed him at first, but he who was never denied anything, was not long opposed in his most impetuous passion, and his poor mother, fearing all things and hoping nothing, procured a captaincy for him, and soon after had her heart almost broken by his being ordered on the American service. Your father, Isabel, came to this country at the same time, and was ever after intimately associated with M'Arthur, and from him I have received the particulars that I shall relate to you.'

'Captain M'Arthur was appointed to command a detachment that was sent to wrest the possession of a small town from the Americans. The male inhabitants, notwithstanding the confusion of a surprise, made a valorous resistance, but, overcome by numbers and discipline, all who could fly, fled to support the banner of their country in a more fortunate field, and defend her where defence would be available.'

'Ah!' said Isabel, whose partialities were always in the English ranks, 'the Yankees often practised that better part of valour—discretion.'

'Not till its bolder part was useless,' retorted the gentle Lucy.

'The fray is past, fair champions,' said I, 'do not interrupt the story.'

'No, girls,' continued Mrs. Tudor, 'my story has little to do with the war, though a good deal with the passions it engendered. Captain M'Arthur had gallantly achieved his object. He obtained undisputed possession of the town, but in effecting this, he received a dangerous wound, and was carried bleeding and insensible to the best house the place afforded, situate at the entrance of the town, and belonging to one Amos Blunt, a bold yeoman, who had been first and last to fight in defence of his home, and who, as he caught from a distant hill a last look of the roof that sheltered his two lovely and now defenceless daughters, swore eternal hatred to the English. Fatally and cruelly did he keep his vow.'

'To return to M'Arthur. The sad chances of the battle had made his life to depend on those very daughters of the yeoman, Emma and Anna Blunt. Unskilful surgical treatment aggravated his wound; a violent fever ensued, and for many weeks the gay and gallant young officer was as dependant as an infant on the tender vigilance of feminine care.'

'The two sisters, as I have heard, were alike in nothing but their devoted affection to each other; even their looks were as dissimilar as distinct races, as unlike, Isabel, as you and your cousin Lucy. You might, indeed, if I

remember their pictures accurately, stand for their living portraits, so fair, so like a snow-drop, or rather so like that meek representative of all spiritual purity and womanly tenderness, the Madonna, so like my sweet Lucy was Emma—yes, just so sensitive and blushing at her own praises, even from the lips of an old woman; and you, my dear Isabel—but you cannot so well bear flattery. It is enough to say that Anna had a brow of lofty daring, a quick, glancing, laughter-loving eye, a rich damask on her cheek that expressed the quick kindling and burning of her feelings; lips that a Grecian artist would have chiselled to utter the laws of love, rather than its prayers; in short, a face and shape that a painter would have chosen for a Semiramis, or a Zenobia, or Clotilda.

'Grandmama!' exclaimed Isabel, 'are you describing two daughters of a farmer?'

'Even so, Isabel; and truly you must remember, my dear,' what Isabel was prone to forget, 'nature has no aristocratic moulds; the peasant is born with as fine limbs and beautiful features as his lord. Besides, you must know, these girls had not impaired their natural beauty by household drudgery. Their father was wealthy; they were his only children, and motherless from extreme childhood, their stern father, stern to everything but them, had lavished his wealth to procure for them whatever advantages of education the country then afforded.

'You must allow, that when the romantic M'Arthur awoke from his long delirium, and beheld these beautiful forms flitting around his pillow, he was in more danger than he had been from their father's sword. In the flush of health and unbroken spirits, Anna would have been most attractive to him; but in the gentleness, the patient watchings, the soft, low toned voice, the uniform tranquillity of Emma, there was something so suited to the nurse and leech, so adapted to the abated spirit of the invalid, that his susceptible heart was touched, and, in the progress of a slow convalescence, entirely captivated, and honestly surrendered.

'It was not in human nature, certainly not in Emma's tender nature, not to return the fondness of the most interesting man she had ever seen. She did return it, with a strength and depth of devotion, that I believe, my dear girls, men seldom, if ever, feel.

(To be Continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

FROM THE GEM. BAD COMPANY.

'Twelve years ago, and I was young and sprightly,' said a young man of twenty-four, who had given himself up to all the vile habits of gambling, profanity and intoxication.

'Yes,' answered a by-stander, 'but twelve years ago you frequented *bad company*—you

was the companion of the idle and dissolute, and instead of learning wisdom and sense, you closed your mind to all that was wholesome, just and manly.'

'That is too true,' said the first, as his memory flashed across the plain of his former life; and the keen retrospect caused a deep-drawn sigh, that indicated the wormwood of his soul.

Robert Fraquier when young, was the companion of the blackguard, and the idler. Though educated with care and tenderness, he nevertheless was always courting the smiles of those, whose companionship is infamy. Having for a long time steadily pursued the path of the vicious, he at length became so used to the grosser practices, that he felt abashed when found in the company of the virtuous and the good. He imagined that every soul knew just how vicious and how debased he was—and therefore his mouth was closed, for fear that if he spoke, he might be rebuked by no one noticing what he said. He went into business early, and being unsuccessful he became an easy prey to despair. The last time I saw him he was clerk over a Billiard Table, and depended upon gaming for money to carry him through life. I took him aside and asked him if there was no way possible for him to escape from the ruin that already encircled him. He burst into a flood of tears.

'George,' said he, 'I am utterly and hopelessly ruined. I see no way of escape, I am so far advanced on the ocean of destruction, that to go over is death, and to return is death. If any thing, George, it is more fearful for me to return and view the opportunities of good I have thrown away, than to go over. I feel that my heart is already festering within the foul body that encompasses it. Had I taken your advice, and avoided bad company, I had not now been a ruined man, and the only disgrace upon a respectable family. But the die is cast, and tell all the friends that I once claimed, that Robert Fraquier is reduced to the veriest wretch that ever claimed the name of man.'

A few months after, a hearse passed to the burial ground accompanied only by the sexton and poor-master. It was the body of Fraquier.

This picture is not too highly painted. It is in fact, but a true representation of the evils to which bad company will lead men. Idleness is the evil genius that allures to destruction—industry is the mother of happiness. A.

I AM ENGAGED.

As a sufficient answer to the charge of fickleness brought by Cobbett, in a late article, against the American fair, we insert the following short extract from Levasseur's journal of the tour of La Fayette in America.

'The American ladies are not more remarkable for their severe conjugal fidelity than the girls are for their constancy to their engagements. At parties I have often had young

ladies pointed out to me of eighteen or nineteen, who had been engaged, and of whose future husbands, one was in Europe, pursuing his studies, another in China, attending his commercial business, and a third dangerously employed in the whale fishery, in the most distant seas. Young girls thus engaged, hold the middle place in society between their still disengaged companions and the married ladies. They have already lost some of the thoughtless gaiety of the former, and assumed a slight tinge of the other. The numerous aspirants, designated here by the name of *beaux*, which at first surrounded them, and were received until a choice was made, still bestow upon them delicate attentions, but by no means so particular as formerly, and should one of them, either from ignorance or obstinate hopes, persist in offering his heart and hand, the answer 'I am engaged,' given with a sweet frankness and an indulgent smile, soon destroys all his illusions, without wounding his pride. Engagements of this sort preceding marriage are very common, not only in New-York, but throughout the United States; and it is exceedingly rare that they are not fulfilled with religious fidelity. Public opinion is very severe on this point, and does not spare either of the parties which may dispose of themselves without the consent of the other.'

Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.—'Friend Franklin,' said Myers Fisher, the celebrated quaker lawyer of Philadelphia, one day to the Doctor, 'thou knows almost every thing; can thou tell me how I am to preserve my small beer in the back yard?—my neighbours are often tapping it of nights.' 'Put a barrel of old Madeira by the side of it,' replied the Doctor; 'let them get a taste of the Madeira, and I'll engage they will never trouble the small beer any more.' This same great Philosopher used often to say, too: 'that if parents would but give their sons an early taste for the Madeira of Learning, they would hardly ever take to the detestable small beer of vice.'

An aged and venerable divine, who discovered that a mischievous son of his had been racing his old mare, scolded the young rogue in very severe terms, and exhausted all his powers of reproof and reprobation; but in the conclusion could not resist the temptation to inquire how the race terminated.—'She beat 'em' was the answer. 'Ah!' said the old gentleman, 'she's a fine creature, Jim; when I rode her, nothing could pass her on the road.'

Chinese Jest.—A man sent a note to a rich neighbour he was on friendly terms with, to borrow an ox for a few hours. The worthy old man was no scholar, and happened to have a guest sitting with him at the time, that he did not wish to expose his ignorance to. Opening the note, and pretending to read it, after reflecting a moment, turning to the servant,

'Very good,' says he, 'tell your master I'll come myself presently.' A story is told of a magistrate in England, who got out of a predicament of nearly the same kind, rather more adroitly. He happened to have a note brought him by a servant, who took the liberty of telling his superior that he had the wrong end of the note to him, on observing him attempt to read it in that position. 'What sir!' retorted the dignitary, 'do you suppose that I am a magistrate in this city, and cannot read a letter with any end to me I please?'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1830.

For the gratification of such of our readers as may not be possessed of them, we have in this number of the Repository, it being about the holidays, made, to the exclusion of other matter, copious extracts from those splendid little books intended as Christmas and New-Year's presents. The tale from the "Token" is, in our estimation, about the best in the book; and though its length precludes the possibility of presenting it entire, we are persuaded its great beauty will amply repay perusal. The "Reconciliation," though it may not perhaps be considered as the very best prose article contained in the "Souvenir," and though selected by us principally for its brevity, is still good; and the moral it inculcates, worthy of all commendation to all romantic young ladies. "The Evening Wind" we are aware has already been pretty extensively circulated in different journals; but the "Talisman" not abounding in poetry, after searching its pages, we found nothing of the poetical kind that so well accorded with our own taste, and consequently nothing that we deemed so worthy of presenting to our readers.

A Daily Paper for Mechanics.—Proposals have been issued for publishing in the city of New-York, a new Daily Paper, to be entitled the "New-York Daily Sentinel." This paper will be "devoted principally to the interests of mechanics and other working men."

MARRIED,

In this city, on Thursday the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, Mr. Joshua T. Waterman to Miss Delia Pennoyer, both of this place.

On Saturday the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wackerhagen, Anson Livingston, Esq. of the city of New-York, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Henry W. Livingston.

In Ghent, on the 11th ult. by the Rev. J. Burger, Dr. James Hogeboom of Castleton, Rensselaer Co. to Miss Helen Hogeboom, daughter of Mr. Tobias L. Hogeboom, of the former place.

In Albany, on Sunday evening the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Ludlow, Mr. James McGlashan, to Mrs. Jane Maria Butler.

At Elmira, Mr. Job A. Smith, editor of the Elmira Gazette, to Miss Susan Fulton, of Orange county.

In East Bloomfield, Mr. Henry O'Reilly, editor of the Rochester Daily Advertiser to Miss Marcia F. Brooks.

DIED,

In Kinderhook, on the 15th ult. of pulmonary consumption, James Adger Whiting, son of Gen. Charles Whiting, in the 18th year of his age.

In Stuyvesant, on the 12th ult. at the residence of his father, Stephen Wendover, Jun. aged 27 years.

In the same place, on the 13th ult. Capt. Timothy Griffing, in the 52d year of his age.

At Canestota, on the 10th ult. Mr. Henry Johnson, a patriot of the Revolution, aged 74, formerly of this city.



POETRY.

ADDRESS

To the Patrons of the Rural Repository on the New-Year.

Time wings his ceaseless flight,—the verdant Spring,
And leafy Summer with its suns and showers,
Brown Autumn with its fruits rich clustering,
And sober Winter with its fireside hours
Roll on in swift succession,—in their train
Come we to greet our patrons once again.
A smile for those who hail the new-born year
With youthful hopes high raised, and harmless glee;
For those who mourn, and such there are, a tear
We bring to drop with them in sympathy.—
But here a moment let us pause, to cast
A retrospective glance upon the past.
The year has brought its changes; many a brow
It furrowed deeply with the lines of care;
And many an aching heart is quiet now,
On which it dawned in sadness, and despair;
And bright eyes have waxed dim, whose glances thrilled
With rapture hearts that now are cold and chilled.
The year has brought its troubles; o'er the sea
Has come the wail of nations, and the din
Of clashing arms,—unhappy Greece is free,
Her tyrants are not as they once have been:
Proud Mahmoud's crown has trembled on his brow,
He lacks the butchered Janizary now.
The year has brought its wonders; heard ye nought
Of ghosts, dwarfs, monsters, and the Siam brothers?
While Sam Patch at Niagara has taught
That "some things may be done as well as others":
And Morgan's spirit has appeared again,
In Asia Minor, Canada, and Spain.
The year has brought of politics its share,
What year has not!—the next will do the same,
Should Uncle Sam on his huge elbow-chair
Write either Andrew's, John's, or Harry's name:
For us, we care not who has "loaf" or "fish,"
So long as Uncle Sam shall hold the dish.
Once more the "Happy New-Year" comes to bring
The clustering circle round the cheerful fire,
Where in the joke, and laugh are mingling
Matron and maid, lover and hoary sire;
While with the tale, and song, and festive cheer,
They gladly welcome in the coming year.
Patrons, accept our thanks for favours past,
Ye've helped the needy,—all are such who print;
Be this year more abundant than the last,
To printers 'mongst the rest,—ye'll take the hint;
For his at best is a precarious trade,
He'll dun, or starve, or both without your aid.
If all eighteen hundred thirty! may thy ray
Light the lone walks of poverty and pain;
On Ignorance benighted pour the day,
And smile in Plenty on the labouring swain;
May Industry new charms receive from thee,
And Time new value from thy memory.

FROM THE TALISMAN FOR 1833.
TO THE EVENING WIND.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day;
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow—
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,

Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!
Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade—go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!
Go, rock the little wood bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest—
Summoning from the innumerable boughs,
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And twixt the overshadowing branches and the grass.
The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.
Go—but the circle of eternal change
That is the life of nature, shall restore
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The two men were widowers, each having a son and a daughter. I will call them John and James; now they each of them married the daughter of the other: John marrying James's daughter, James becomes John's father-in-law; and James marrying John's daughter, John becomes James's father-in-law; and consequently each daughter becomes mother-in-law to her father, and their brothers become their grandchildren, children, and nephews.

PUZZLE II.—What word does Y. E. S. spell.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

A sailor once did launch a ship of force
A cargo he did put therein of course;
But of the cargo he had none to sell,
And every wind did serve his turn as well;
No pirates dreaded; to no harbour bound;
And all he wished for was to run aground.

II.

What is that which is above all human imperfections,
and yet shelters the weakest and wisest, as well as the
wickedest of all mankind?

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